

MARVEL 005

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SPURRIER
BAZALDUA
BLEE

LEGION OF
X

THE SKINJACKER!
THE FUGITIVE GOD!
THE SPIRIT OF VARIANCE!

**THE END
OF ARC ONE!**



**MARVEL
COMICS**



**5
JUL**

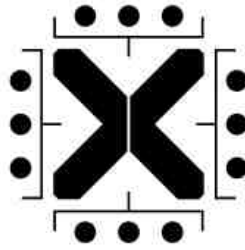
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SILVER SURFER REBIRTH



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EXCERPT FROM THE JOURNAL OF PROFESSOR X

— “REGARDING D.H.”

A man goes to war.
He carries with him a gun.

It is a weapon that he himself crafted. Into its forging went all the unthinking talent he had inherited from his forebears, muddled with the exuberance and arrogance of his youth. It is, in many respects, an artfully devised machine, with an unrivaled potency when successfully deployed.

And yet. The gun misfires during every battle. The man has burned his hands on its stock. He has come close to losing fingers, limbs, even his life. His comrades keep their distance. The enemy speculates that they have discovered a weak link in the chain.

It does not matter that the man cherishes the gun. That he loves every line, every angle, every spring and bolt. That it reminds him of his craft, his labor, his art. That it breaks his heart not to carry it.

The gun must stay in its locker, unloaded.
The man must arm himself by other means.

GETTING REAL

THE ENTIRETY
OF THE
UNIVERSE...



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LEGION OF X

ALTARED STATES

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has assembled a team of LEGIONNAIRES and built an HQ in THE ALTAR: A bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION and adjacent to the Astral Plane.

An Arakkii god has gone missing. ORA SERRATA -- A.K.A. the Witness and a member of Arakko's ruling body, the Great Ring -- commissioned WEAPONLESS ZSEN to track the fugitive god alongside Nightcrawler.

The case turned out to be related to a crisis on Krakoa: The missing god is enhancing a new worshipper, the skinjacker Devon Alomar (A.K.A. Switch), who has been body-hopping from mutant to mutant and wreaking havoc. The Legionnaires captured Switch only for a mysterious new player to free the troublemaker once again.

Nightcrawler lured Switch into a swap, transferring his consciousness into Devon's real body, where he finally met the fugitive god: Tumult, the trickster chimera. Tumult revealed his first worshipper, the one to blame for all the ensuing chaos: none other than Ora Serrata herself, who has already set her guards upon Weaponless Zsen and now approaches the Altar, armed and furious, just as Switch has gained control of Legion.



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[BANSHEE]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[PIXIE]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[PAULIE DiCOSTA]



[ORA SERRATA]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]



[LEGION]



[BLINDFOLD]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]

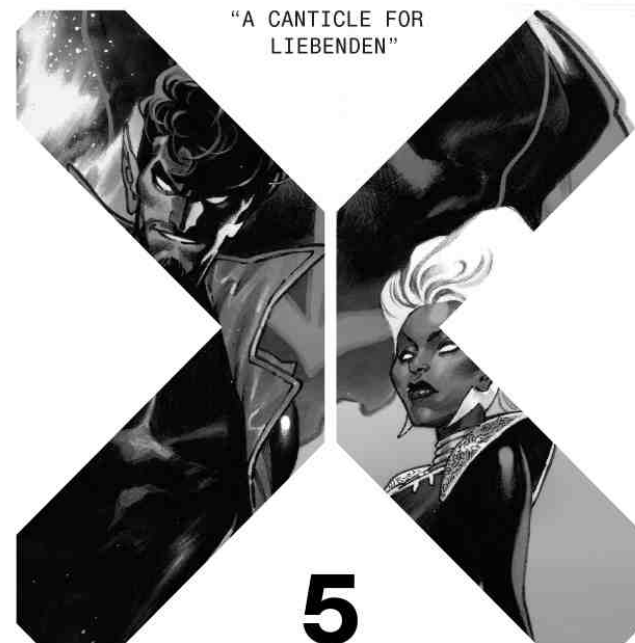


[CHAMBER]



[WEAPONLESS ZSEN]

"A CANTICLE FOR
LIEBENDEN"



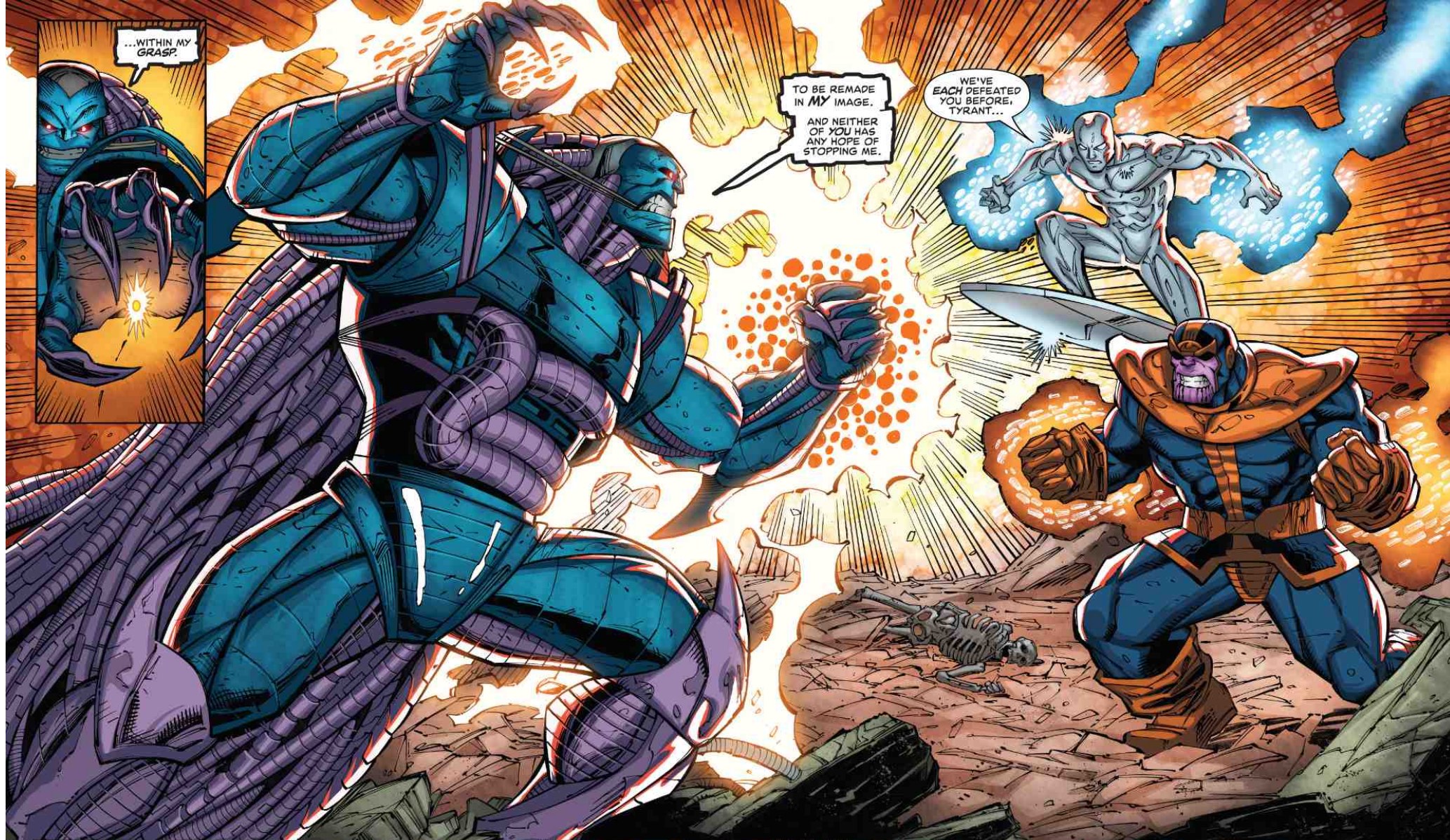
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...WITHIN MY GRASP.

TO BE REMADE
IN MY IMAGE.
AND NEITHER
OF YOU HAS
ANY HOPE OF
STOPPING ME.

WE'VE
EACH DEFEATED
YOU BEFORE,
TYRANT...



...AND
WILL DO SO
AGAIN.

TOO
MUCH HAS
BEEN LOST
ALREADY.



THAT WHICH YOU
WIELD BELONGS
TO ME.
I WILL HAVE
IT BACK.



YOU WILL
HAVE YOUR
DEATH...

The Altar.
Bubble dimension
between the astral
and physical planes.

"Well now. *There's*
something you don't
see every day."

YYYYEEEESSSS!
HAHAHAHAHA!

Uuhhhh...

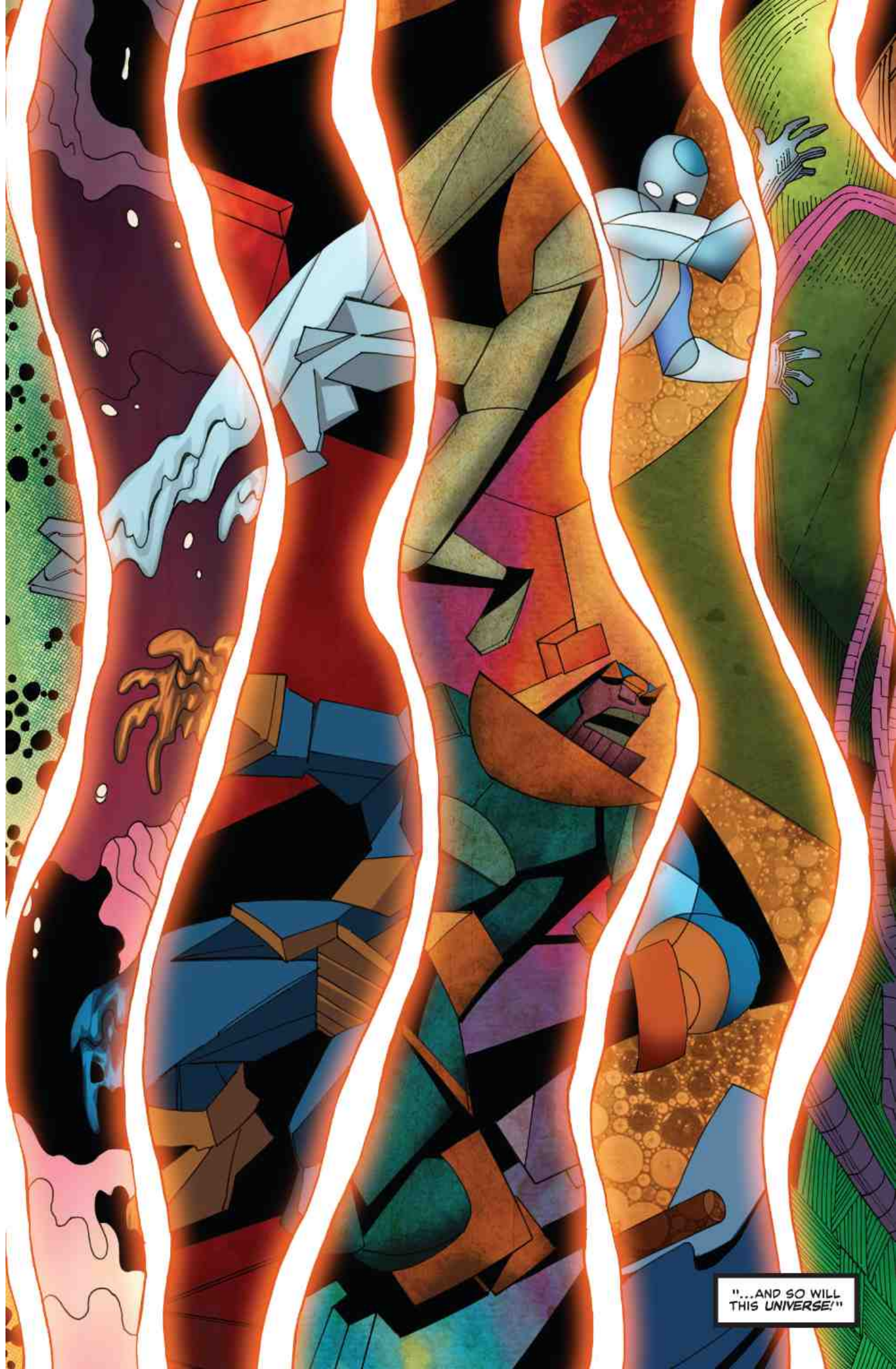
"Evil pervert body snatcher
possessing the psychic self-
image of a neurodivergent,
godlike Omega-level mutant--

--thereby seizing *control*
of the *pocket reality*
inside his brain.

Try sayin'
that three times
fast.

ret. This
is *bad*. This
was *not* part of
my bloody
plan...

The situation
is about to *worsen*,
Mother Righteous.
Behold.



"...AND SO WILL
THIS UNIVERSE!"



WHERE IS
MY FUGITIVE
GOD?!

"Ugh. Ora
Serrata."

"Trust her to gate-
crash the climax of a
completely different
bloody storyline."



Did--did I lick my own head,
or is that a giant floating
eye being ridden by a
baby's body?

A-Arbitrix--
i-it's not safe!
Please--go back! We
have an emergency
here!

"Poor little *peacekeepers*.
They ain't even seen the *real*
danger. Not yet. Hidden away in
the *backrooms* of the Altar..."



"...in the *Qortex Complex*.
Dumping ground for every
cracked *identity* Legion
ever generated."

"Every *super-power* you
can think of, plus a billion
you can't. They used to run
this joint--but now?"

"Calm. *Sedate*. Like
torture victims with no
one to betray. Haller's
so bloody *scared* of his
own power that this is
his idea of *happy*."

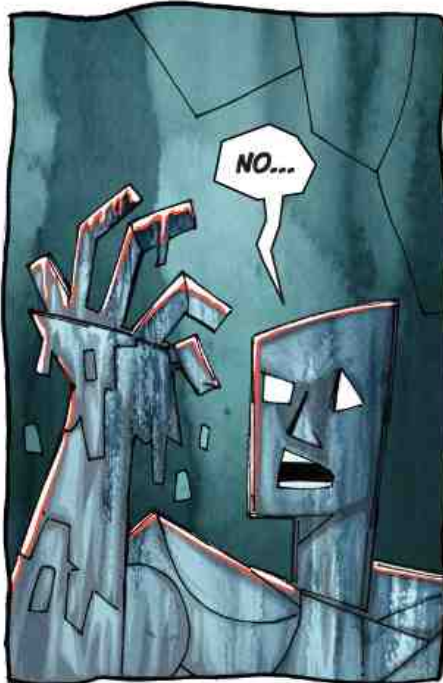
"Ohhhh, if the *Skinjacker* wanted, he could
use *any* of these. He could shoot bullets
from his nipples or burp singularities..."



Lucky for us, he's an
unimaginative little
gland who'd sooner
smash @!%\$ for *giggles*
than--y'know. Try to
take over the
world.

Ought we
intervene? I
thought Legion
was *important*
to you.

Ah, you're a
good boy--well,
good boys--but...
no. Not yet.
Look.







YOU STRUGGLE
YOUR WAY BACK
TO THE HERE AND
NOW, SURFER.
ADMIRABLE...

...BUT FUTILE
WHEN ALL REALITY
IS MERELY A BAUBLE
IN MY HANDS.

THERE IS
NO REALITY
IN WHICH YOU
TRIUMPH...



...SO SWEARS
THE SILVER
SURFER!

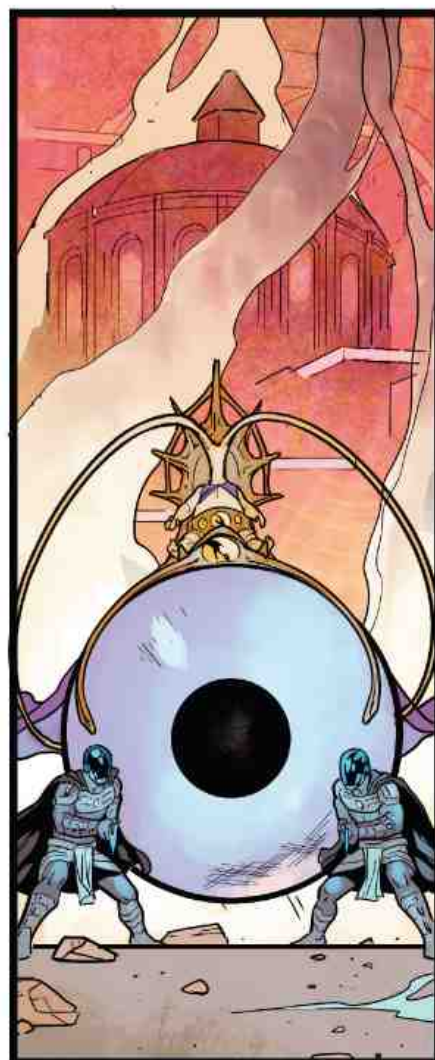
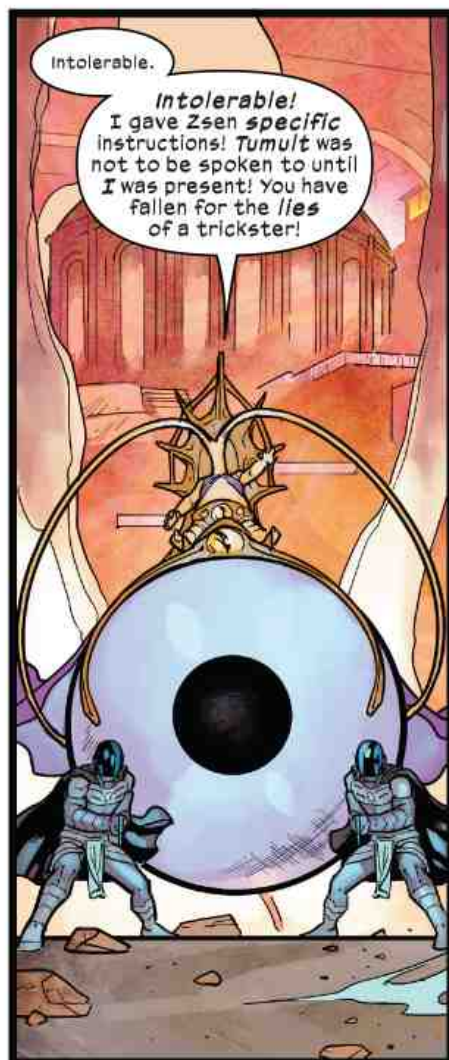


WHEN I CAN
MAKE AN INSECT
OF YOU? OR A
MOTE OF
DUST?

MY
TRIUMPH IS
INEVITABLE.



NO...





...I AM
INEVITABLE.

AND REALITY
IS WHAT I WILL
MAKE OF IT.

AAAAH!

TINK

MY
REALITY.

And none shall bear witness but I.

AAAAHHH!

N-NOOO!

HURGH!

BOOM!

EEEEEE!

One of those days.

One of those days.

And none shall bear witness but I.

AAAAHHH!

BAM!

N-NOOO!

EEEEEE!

HURGH!

AAAAHHH!

One of those days.

One of those days.

And none shall bear witness but I.

AAAAHHH!

BAM!

N-NOOO!

EEEE!

AAAAHHH!

HURGH!

One of those days.

One of those days.

And none shall bear witness but I.

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One of those days.

And none shall bear witness but I.

AAAAHHH!

BAM!

N-NOOO!

EEEE!

AAAAHHH!

HURGH!

One of those days.

One of those days.

And none shall bear witness but I.

AAAAHHH!

BAM!

N-NOOO!

EEEE!

AAAAHHH!

HURGH!

One of those days.

One of those days.



I AM
FOREVERMORE
A GOD...

I HAVE
BEEN A
GOD...

...THE EXPERIENCE
WAS NOT TO MY
LIKING

YOU CONFUSE
POWER WITH
PURPOSE, AND IT
WILL SEE YOUR
DOWNFALL!

Krakoa.
Sensor-shielded
No-Place.

M-mighty
Tumult! The
unbelievers, they--
they mock your name!
They have scorned
your faithful
acolyte!

Invest me with
greater magic!
Give me the strength
to possess more--
faster--longer! And
I shall bring such
offerings unto
you as--

I HAVE
A BETTER
IDEA.

I WILL
BRING OFFERINGS
UNTO MYSELF.

Wh...
wh...?

KOOOM
KOOOM

Hurry, selffriends! No-Place visible
to island's senses now. Whatever
strange powers were hiding it
before? Withdrawn...

Got your
souldagger handy,
Pixie?

Mm-hm. And
hungry.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS REVOKED,
LITTLE MAN. YOUR MAGIC WILL
NOT WORK. I REJECT
YOUR FAITH.

BE THOU
FORSAKEN.

Wh--
what's--?

BOOMF



I AM ANCIENT
BEYOND YOUR
UNDERSTANDING...

...THE CREATION
OF GALACTUS
HIMSELF.

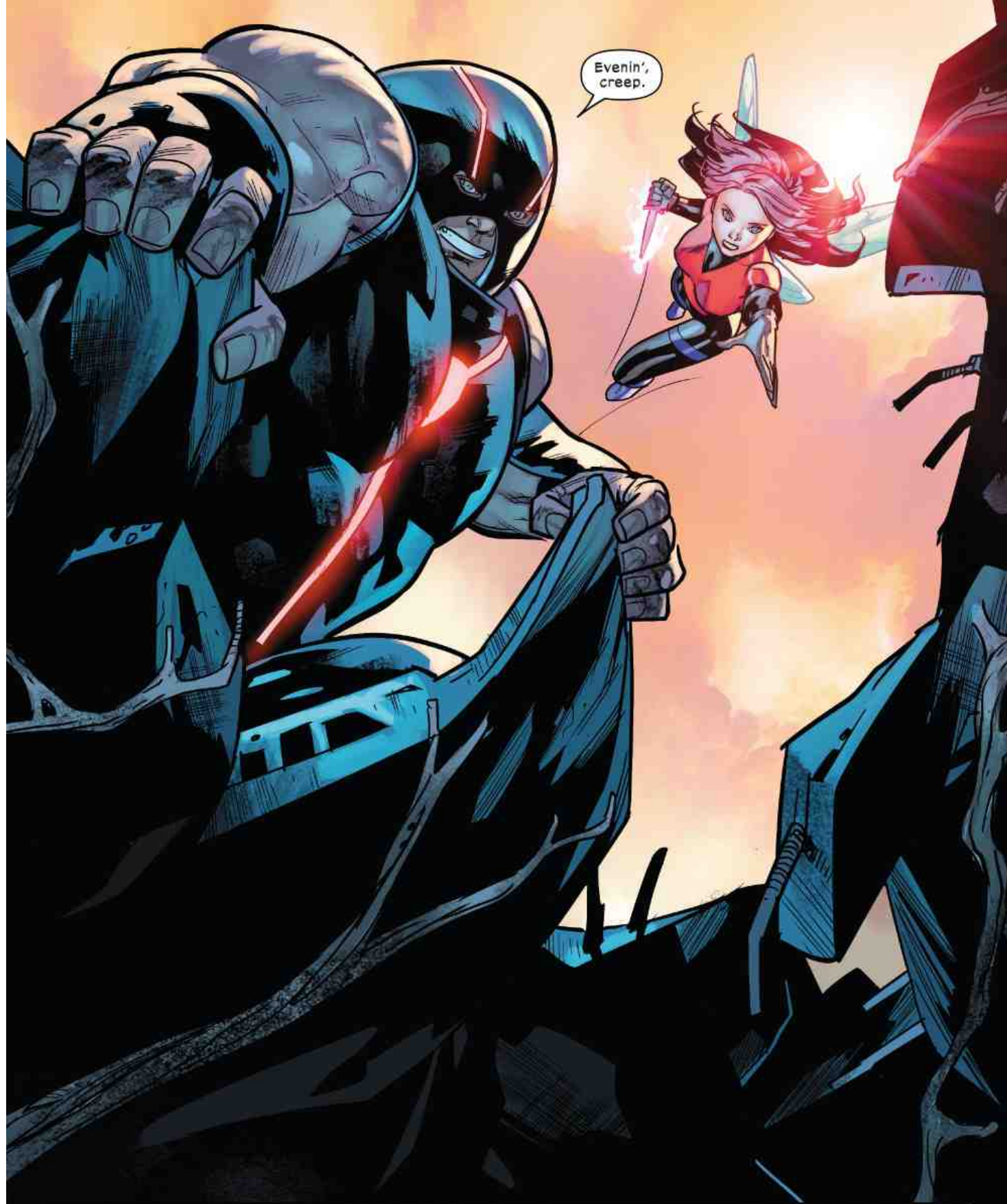


BUT HE
FEARED ME, AND
IN HIS FEAR, HE
BANISHED ME.



AAAGH!

NOW I HAVE RETURNED
AND I AM ASCENDANT.
I WILL NOT BE THE
EQUAL OF GALACTUS...



Evenin',
creep.



You're
#@%&@*%
nicked,
boyo.

THRUUMBBB



I HAVE SERVED THE WORLD-EATER, AND I HAVE STOOD AGAINST HIM. I BROUGHT ABOUT HIS DEFEAT...





You cannot
hide, Nightcrawler,
named for a worm!
Nor your pitiful
allies!



David...if...
if she erases
you--

The Altar
goes with it.
Aye.

We
must not *fear*.



The *Spark*
evokes *reckless*
delight! What we lose,
we build back *better*!
When we *fall*, we rise
wiser! Let
us *S--*

No! Get
down! It's not
that bloody
simple!



Kurt, if I go--
if the walls *collapse*--
everyone's *overboard*
in the Astral Plane.

You've *seen*
it out there. If you
don't get *preyed* upon,
you'll *dissolve* into cosmic
bloody rapture. Nothing
left for Cerebro to
bring back.



I *refuse* to dissipate into Gaiman-esque
abstraction! It's not *scientific*!

David.

I *know*
it scares you.
The *power*. The
chaos. I know its
outbreaks have
defined your
life. But...

...she's too
strong. Yes.
No. There's no
choice.

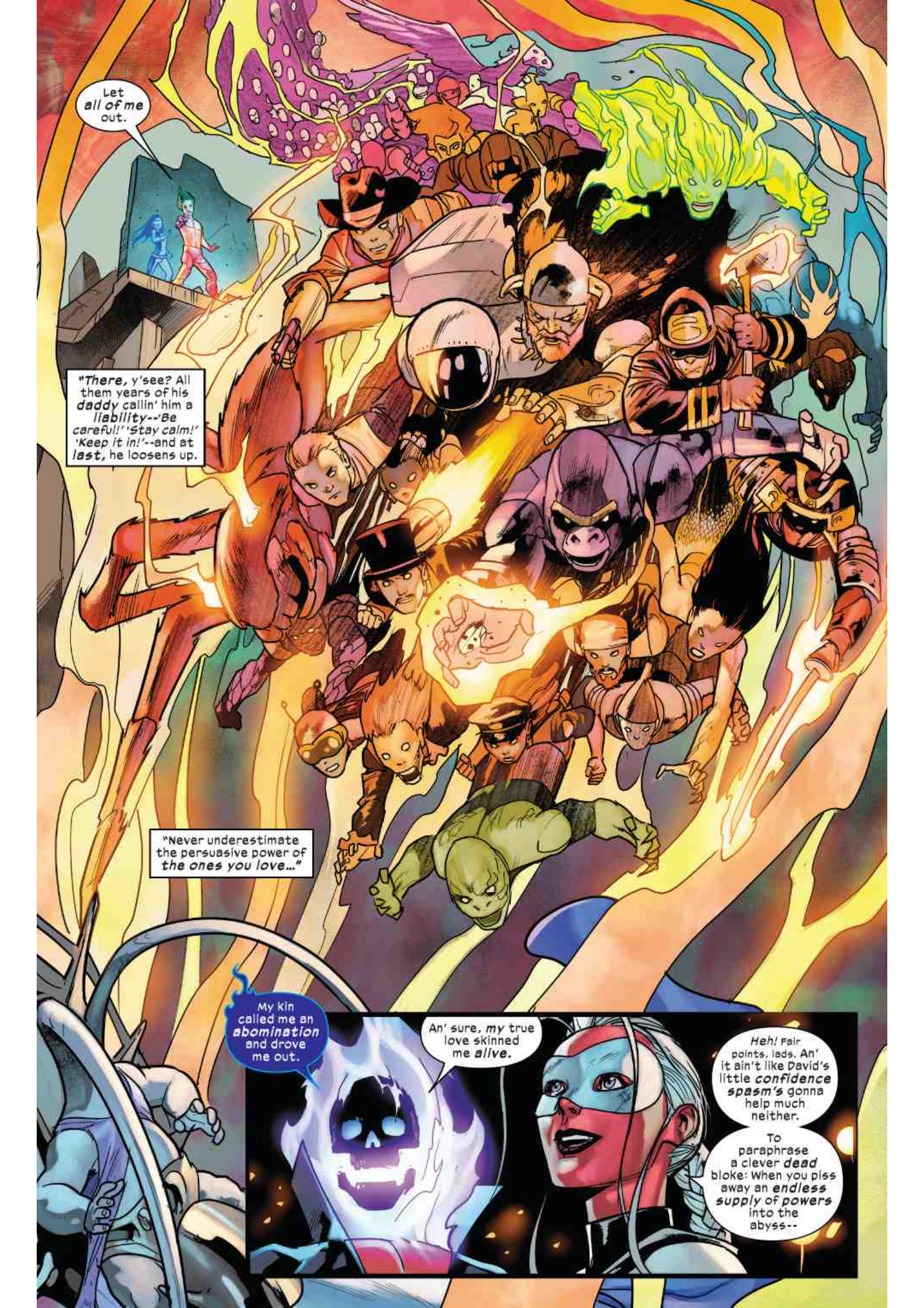


You rule
you. You rule
all of you.

So...

...let it
out.





Let
all of me
out.

"There, y'see? All
them years of his
daddy callin' him a
liability--Be
careful! 'Stay calm!'
'Keep it in!'--and at
last, he loosens up.

"Never underestimate
the persuasive power of
the ones you love..."

My kin
called me an
abomination
and drove
me out.

An' sure, my true
love skinned
me alive.

Heh! Fair
points, lads. An'
it ain't like David's
little **confidence**
spasm's gonna
help much
neither.

To
paraphrase
a clever **dead**
bloke: When you piss
away an **endless**
supply of powers
into the
abyss--



NORRIN?

NORRIN, DIDN'T YOU
HEAR A WORD
I SAID?

YOU
SEEM LIKE YOU'RE
SOMEWHERE ELSE
ENTIRELY.

SHALLA-BAL?



I'M SORRY, I
DON'T REMEMBER...
COMING HERE.

YOU'RE
CERTAINLY BEHAVING
STRANGELY TODAY,
HUSBAND.



COME
ALONG, WE'RE
GOING TO BE
LATE...

...THE
CHILDREN ARE
WAITING.



CHILDREN...?



"--the *abyss* gazes back."



Why don't ye do somethin'? I thought you're on *his* side.

Ohhhh, my lovely... my *naive* little *composite*. It ain't about *sides*. It's about *supply and demand*. Same as it was for you, innit? Both of you.

To appreciate my gifts--the boy needs *crises*.



"Buuuut...? Not *today*, I reckon. Today, there's a few of me *older cards* still in play."

Wh...what's *happening*? Wh-where are these *mirrors* coming from?

Bugged if I know... Nothin' to do with *me*...



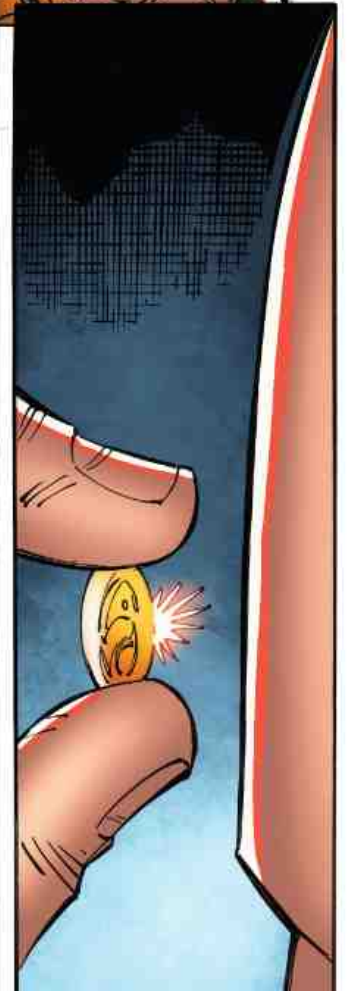
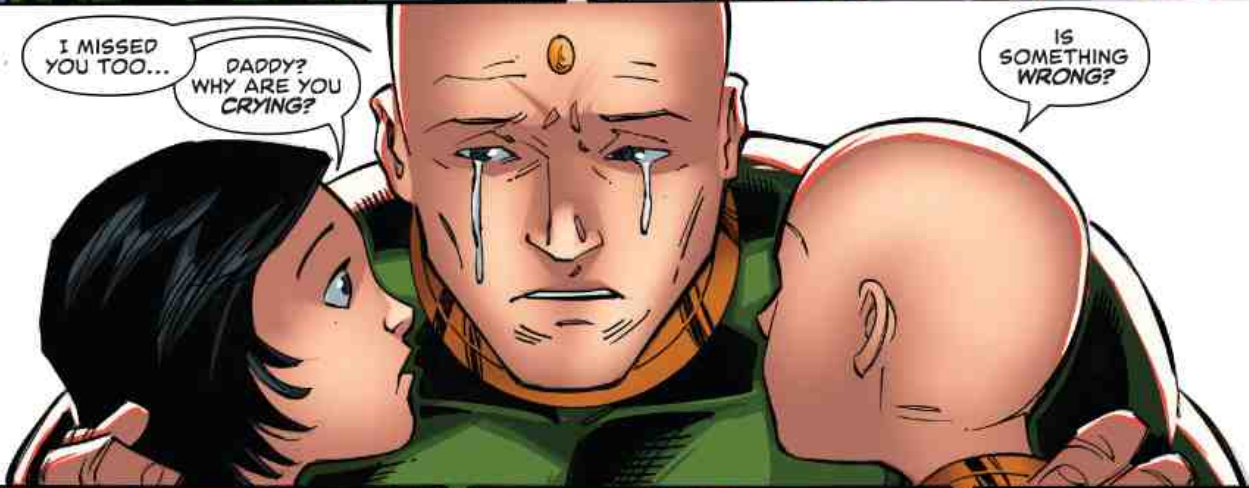
What *is* this?

MAGIC, ORA.

TO ONE WHO *BELIEVES*, ALL MAGIC FLOWS FROM *DIVINITY*. TO ONE WHO *CREATES*, ALL MAGIC FLOWS FROM THE *SELF*.

THANKS TO *NIGHTCRAWLER*? I THINK I MAY BE *BOTH*.

AND YET... TO A *SKEPTIC*... TO A *LOVELESS SOUL*...?





IT WILL
NEVER BE
ANYTHING MORE
THAN **SMOKE AND
MIRRORS.**



TRY USING YOUR
POWERS NOW,
ARBITRIX.

A-abomination!
Freak! Unhand me! I
believed in you! You
owe m--

It owes
you nothing,
Arbitrix.



Zsen!
You---you are
hurt!

Huh. You
should see the
other guys.

Ora Serrata,
you are hereby **challenged**
under the terms of the **Godlaw**
to present your deity in the Circle
Perilous, there to defend its utility.



You...you would cite **my**
own law against
me?

Whelp! All
that I have done, I
have done for **Arakko!**
In war we were **strong!**
In war we were
united!

These **Krakoans--**
these **faded echoes**
of our lineage--by saving
us, they **stole** our
purpose!



When I am
sole authority,
I shall return the
Arakkii to the Everwar!
But **you?** You will
never again
see battle.

I am
the **first** of the
Twilight Seats! I am
the **scourge** of deity!
NONE are here that
may **judge** me!
None may--

+Cough+
Beg to
differ.





Regent...you...you will find me a less-than-accommodating victim of your ambition. If we must battle, then--

Spare us the posturing, Ora. There will be no duel.

The last thing Arakko needs is a power vacuum--and Zsen's fascinating testimony suggests you'd rather your sins remain discreet.

I dare say you would prefer that the rest of the Great Ring not hear of this?

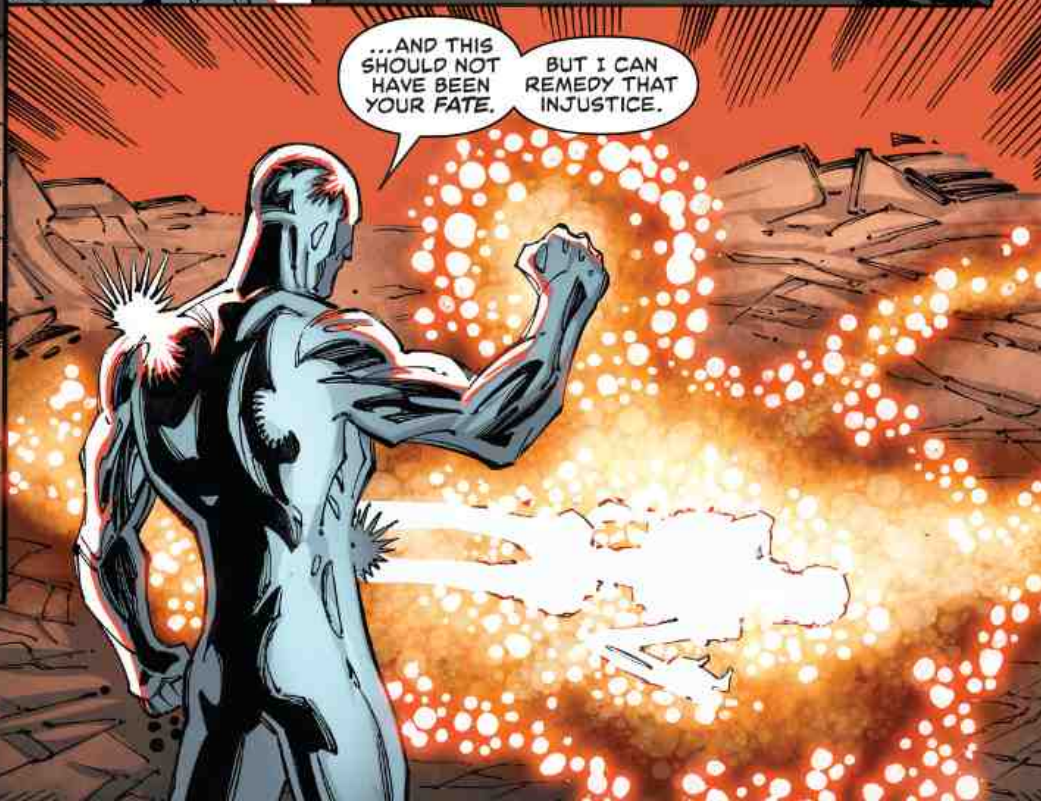
...Blackmail, then. And the price?

Oh, come, are we not Arakkii? We are above petty politics! Let us see this as an opportunity to...ah, Kurt?

I believe your Spark may have something to say about this.

We try new things.

And we move forward.



Nightcrawler.

I am sorry to leave you sleeping--I have duties to attend, but I wished to share something with you before I go. I think you need to know it.

During my investigation on Arakko, I visited multiple locations where the God of Mischief had wrought its chaos. Childish acts of destabilization, writ large enough to pose a threat to the safety of the Arakkii and the efficacy of their ways. We now know these crimes were ordered by Ora Serrata, calculated to trigger civil unrest and (so she hoped) her own elevation to authority. Here is what I learned.

She had already failed.

Wherever the God made its mischief, people adapted. New relationships, new solutions. Ingenuity flourished where old ways faltered. Ora thought that by causing chaos, she could make people embrace old systems of order; instead, they innovated new strengths from the wreckage. We stopped Ora from erasing the evidence of a coup, but we did not prevent it. The people did that.

You were right. You and your silly Spark. Mischief, creativity, recklessness. Such things are mightier than the Law. Mightier than the violence I have spent my life craving. We come to glory by trying new things or not at all. There is no weapon mightier than an idea.

And yet?

Kurt, there are optics to consider.



WHAT...?

WHERE AM I?



THERE'S A GREAT DEAL TO EXPLAIN, JACK, AND I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH OF IT WILL MAKE SENSE TO YOU.

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT TYRANT PLOTTED UNIVERSAL DOMINANCE, BUT HE WAS THWARTED.

I HAVE NO MEMORY OF...ANY OF THIS.



PERHAPS THAT'S FOR THE BEST.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

HAVE A CARE, JACK OF HEARTS.



IN THIS CASE, I AM AN ALLY...



...ONE WILLING TO DO WHAT'S NECESSARY.

KERCHANK



THANOS, NO!

IF YOU ALLOW AN AVENUE FOR YOUR ENEMIES TO RETURN, THEY WILL MOST CERTAINLY DO SO.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BETTER THAN MOST, SURFER.



Kurt, there are optics to consider.

Some things need to be done by the book--and seen to be done--before we tear up the book itself.

Switch of Krakoa! You stand accused of worship in this broken land! All Arakko yearns to gauge the utility of your patron! Name it!

T-Tumult, the Trickster Chimera...

Divinity is a challenge to the people! Let the people answer it!

The Circle Perilous. Arakko Prime.

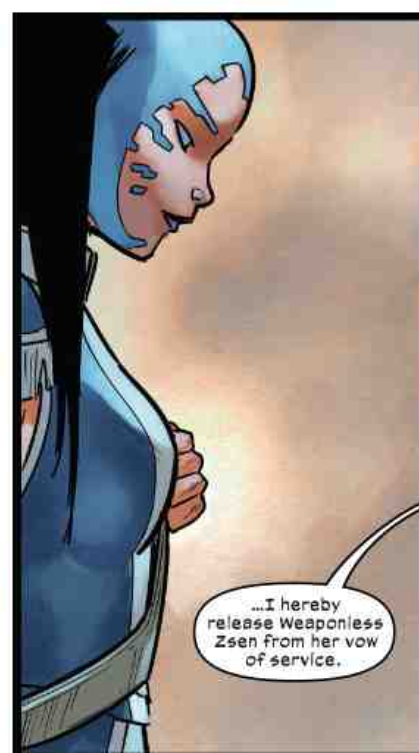
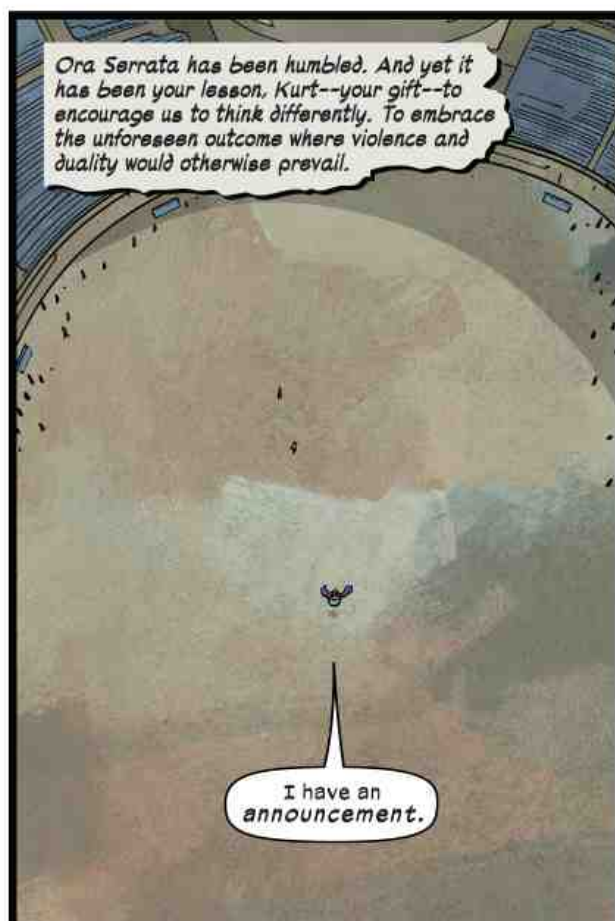
Mnnh!
Mnnh!

Mind you...I think that with a little cleverness--with a little of your Spark, Nightcrawler--

--one may satisfy both convention and transformation.









WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHERE WILL YOU GO?

I MIGHT WELL TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND VISIT EARTH. BEYOND THAT...



...I'LL TRY TO LIVE UP TO MY FATHER'S LEGACY, AND BE WORTHY OF THIS POWER.



WHERE WILL YOU GO, SURFER?

MY LOT IS EVER THE SAME...



"... I HAVE NO HOME SAVE THE SPACEWAYS. THEY CALL, AND THE SILVER SURFER ANSWERS."

END.



You have taught me so much, Kurt. Free at last to forge my own path, I have dared to hope it might, perhaps, lead me to you.

Wzzztp!...



Zsen?

That we might, for a time, let the Spark that lives in you be our guide. To adapt-- and keep adapting. Together.

I once told you there is nowhere worth going that is not worth the journey. Well. This? This sounds like a fine journey indeed.

Krakoa,
the Narthex.



And yet.

Urgent. Urgent inquiry! These blooms! Wh-where did they come from?!

Those things? They just kinda... drift in outa the Astral Plane. Musta got stuck to me while I was mopin'. What's the big deal?

I fear, Kurt. I fear there are deeper truths buried beneath the road itself.

Krakoa,
the Green Lagoon.



Poor ol' Paulie. How did switch do this? Who let him out?

We think something came out of the Gortex. Some sort of... **Invasive exotic.**

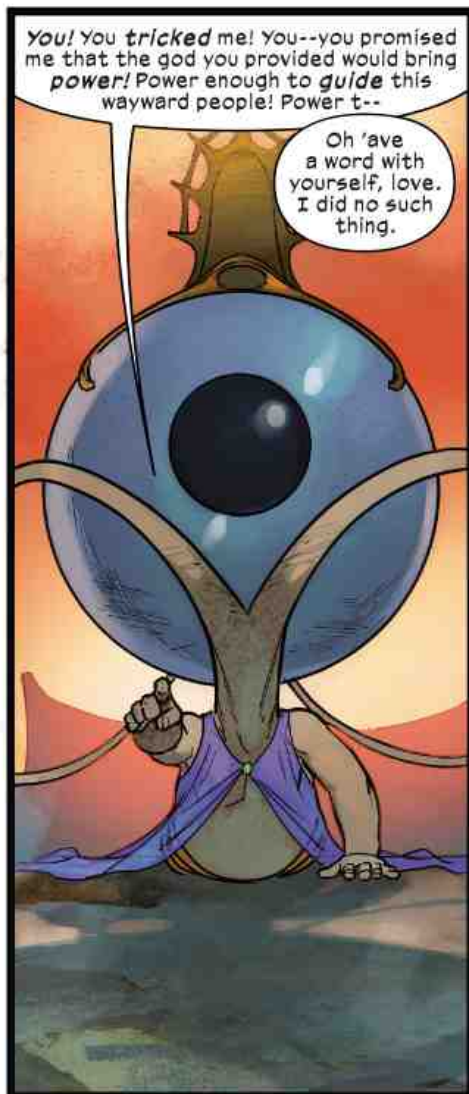
We may change our route...we may even step off the path itself. And yet? Our footprints remain. Our scars. Our pains. Our worst instincts.

Kurt...I am afraid we cannot truly change-- we cannot truly free ourselves of the brittle shells that keep the Spark from filling us with its light--

The Altar.





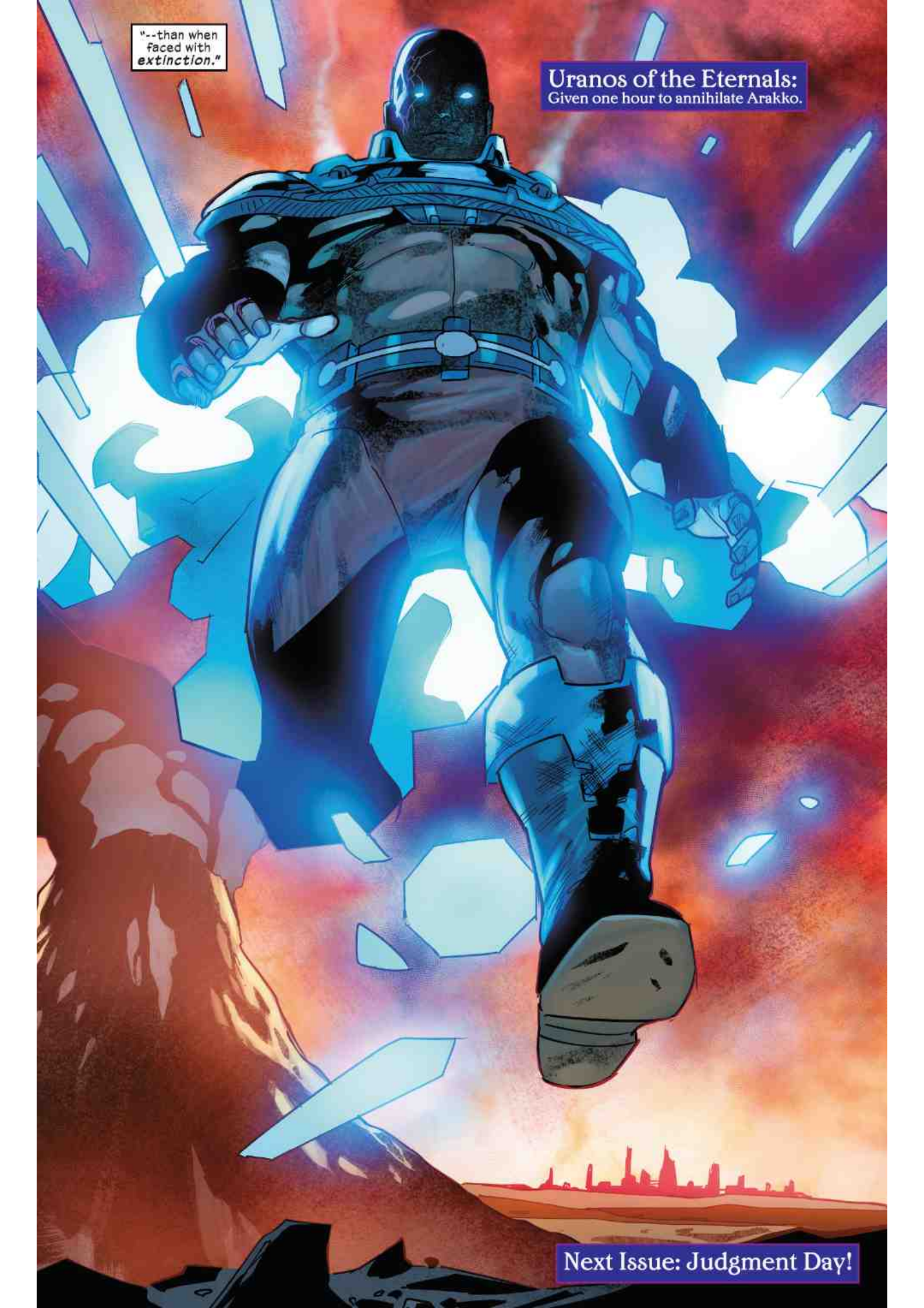




Arakko.
Formerly Mars.



"Likely? Oh yes. Yes. In my experience, these poor little mortals are never more erratic--suicidally so, in fact--"

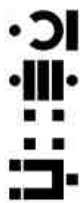
A full-page comic book illustration of Uranos, a member of the Eternals. He is a large, muscular figure with a metallic, blue-toned body. His head is a smooth, featureless helmet with glowing blue eyes. He is shown from the waist up, standing amidst a chaotic scene of floating, angular debris. The background is a fiery, orange and red sky. In the bottom right corner, a silhouette of a city skyline is visible against the horizon. The overall style is dynamic and dramatic, typical of comic book art.

"--than when
faced with
extinction."

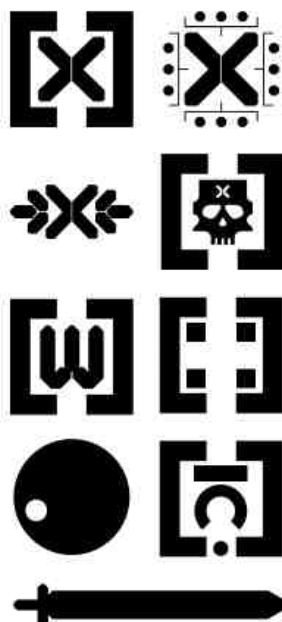
Uranos of the Eternals:
Given one hour to annihilate Arakko.

Next Issue: Judgment Day!

[Legion_[0.5]
[Legion_[0.5]



NEXT



"LEGION FACES THE
ULTIMATE JUDGMENT!"



ISSUE:

➤ Legion of X #5

New Mutants #30

X-Terminators #1

X-Men #15

Marauders #7

X-Men Red #7

Immortal X-Men #7

Legion of X #6

Wolverine #25

X-Force #32

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

[00_Legion__05]

